

Chapter 254

PRINCESS EMERIEL

"...I'm sorry for the wounds that ran too deep, the ones that scarred over." He dropped his weight, grinding his thick, hard erection against her.

She gasped, awareness reigniting in her body, desire coiling tight in her belly despite the mind-shattering release she'd experienced just moments ago.

"My pretty Riel."

Unable to bear hearing any more of his heartbreaking, heart-healing words, Emeriel surged up, capturing his lips in a frantic kiss.

She poured all her pain, her longing, her love into the kiss, tasting his lips, his essence. Her eyes slid closed, surrendering to their passion.

For endless minutes, their lips battled together, his tongue exploring every inch of her mouth.

His kisses made Emeriel feel like she'd had ten gallons of ale. Her mind sluggish, her limbs heavy.

My Beloved. Mine.

How will I live without you?

When the kiss came to an end, his big body was taut with desire, hunger burning in his gaze.

She parted her legs in a silent invite. "Inside, please."

"I still have one more thing to apologize for," he said in the gentlest tone. "This is going to hurt."

"It's okay." Emeriel blinked up at him. "I know your... um, size. We have done... uhm, this before."

He shook his head, apologetic. "You were in heat, it's not the same."

Eyes searching hers, he pushed forward.

Or tried to.

Emeriel felt the pressure of his length nudged against her. Once. Twice.

But each attempt brought a growing burn. A building discomfort.

"You are... shit," he groaned, dropping his forehead against her shoulder. "So fucking tight."

He pressed again, and this time, she couldn't hold back a cry.

"Did you get... bigger?" she gasped.

"No, Beloved, you got way smaller." He kissed her shoulder. Lifting himself a bit, he bore down again. "It's okay. We will make it fit. I want to be inside you so bad."

She squeezed her eyes shut as he pressed further, the pleasure ebbing while the ache between her legs grew sharper. She bit her lip hard, trying to muffle her sounds of pain.

But his fingers touched her lips, separating them. "Don't hurt yourself, dearling."

As he gave a firmer push, a bit more of him slid inside, making her wince. Her face contorted, and the corners of her eyes watered.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered, his voice full of guilt, his hand soothing her trembling form.

"Do it once," she breathed. "All at once. No stopping halfway."

"No, it will be really painful..."

"It's better than suffering the slow, gradual pain. Best to rip off the wound bindings."

He hesitated, his expression torn. Then he gave a curt nod, his jaw tightening.

Taking both her hands in his, he lifted them above her head, intertwining their fingers.

Emeriel glanced up at him, dread and anticipation swirling in her chest as she braced herself as best she could.

"I'm sorry. And don't worry, after this part, I'm going to give you so much pleasure, you will properly lose consciousness a few times," he whispered. "Tonight, Riel, I'm going to reach the deepest part of you, where courting and talking never did."

Then, Daemonikai bore down hard, breaking through her body's barrier, burying himself to the hilt.

MISTRESS SINAI

She paced the cramped dungeon, her footsteps stomping from one edge of the space to the other. She was losing her mind.

While the rest of the world slept, Sinai was trapped here, only her thoughts for company.

When she was first thrown into this wretched prison, fear was all she felt.

Every moment, she had braced herself for Daemonikai's arrival, dreading it, counting the seconds until the inevitable confrontation.

Thinking of all the ways she would lie her way through his anger, disappointment, and punishments.

But as the days stretched into a week, Sinai realized there was something far more terrifying than Daemonikai's wrath. His silence.

Not a single visit. Not a word sent. Not even the faintest trace of acknowledgment.

She had been thrown into this dark, claustrophobic hole, like discarded trash, left to rot.

There was no contact from anyone, no interrogation, nothing but the oppressive stillness and the sound of her own breathing.

At first, she felt insulted. How dare they ignore me!?

But then it became oddly comforting—no questions meant no accusations, no humiliations.

And now, that comfort had given way to fury.

"He cannot stay away forever," Sinai muttered, stomping back and forth, her hands clenching and unclenching. "He cannot go without blood for long. He needs me. I am his bloodhost. He will come. He has to."

But even as she said those words, a cold voice in the back of her mind mocked her. You've been saying that every day, haven't you? And yet... here you are.

She snatched up the empty plate from her last meal, hurling it across the cell. The clatter of it smashing against the stone did little to ease her anger.

"How could he do this to me?!" she screamed, breathing hard. How could he choose to starve himself just so he could punish her?

Do they even know he has not fed? Do they realize how long it's been?

She paused, staring at the shadowy corners of the room. "He hides it, I know he does. Do they realize what that does to him?"

She doubted it. Her Daemon would hide the symptoms. He was far too proud to let anyone see his weaknesses.

Sinai could picture it vividly. The headaches, the trembling hands, the constant ringing in his ears, the dizziness that would leave him staggering.

He would suffer through it all in secret rather than admit he needed her.

Would he rather die than come here and see me? Would he truly leave me to waste away in this hellhole?

Sinai turned to the nearest wall, slamming her fist into it with all her might. "Damn him! Damn him for leaving me like this!"

Again and again, snarling, growling, letting her restless beast claw its way to the surface. Until her knuckles were raw and bleeding.

And Zaiper, that treacherous bastard...

Not once had he visited her. Not once had he checked on her.

Sinai knew he couldn't be trusted. He had told her to act first, to deal with the consequences later. And where was he now?

What was he doing to fix this?

He was out there, living freely, while she rotted in this pit.

She raked her fingers through her tousled hair, tugging at the strands in frustration.

"I hate this! I hate this! I hate HER!" she yelled. "This is all because of that vile girl!"

With another scream, she kicked the wall so hard pain shot up her leg, but she barely felt it. Her beast roaring inside her, just as furious.

"What did I do that was so wrong?! What is my crime?!" She shouted at the top of her lungs. "That I tried to kill Emeriel!?! My only sin was failing, do you hear me?! She should have died! I should have made sure she died!"

Panting, she kicked the walls again. "I will get you, Emeriel! I will make you pay for this!"